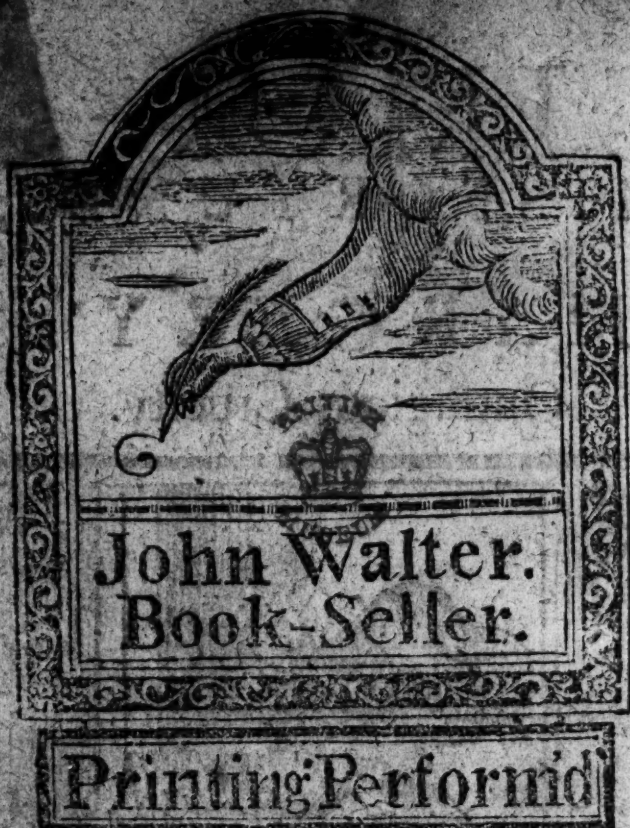


SIMPLE
SIMON'S
MISFORTUNES;
Or His Wife
MARGERY'S
Outragious Cruelty.



London: Printed, and Sold by *Mary*
D. at the *Hart* in *St. Dunstons*

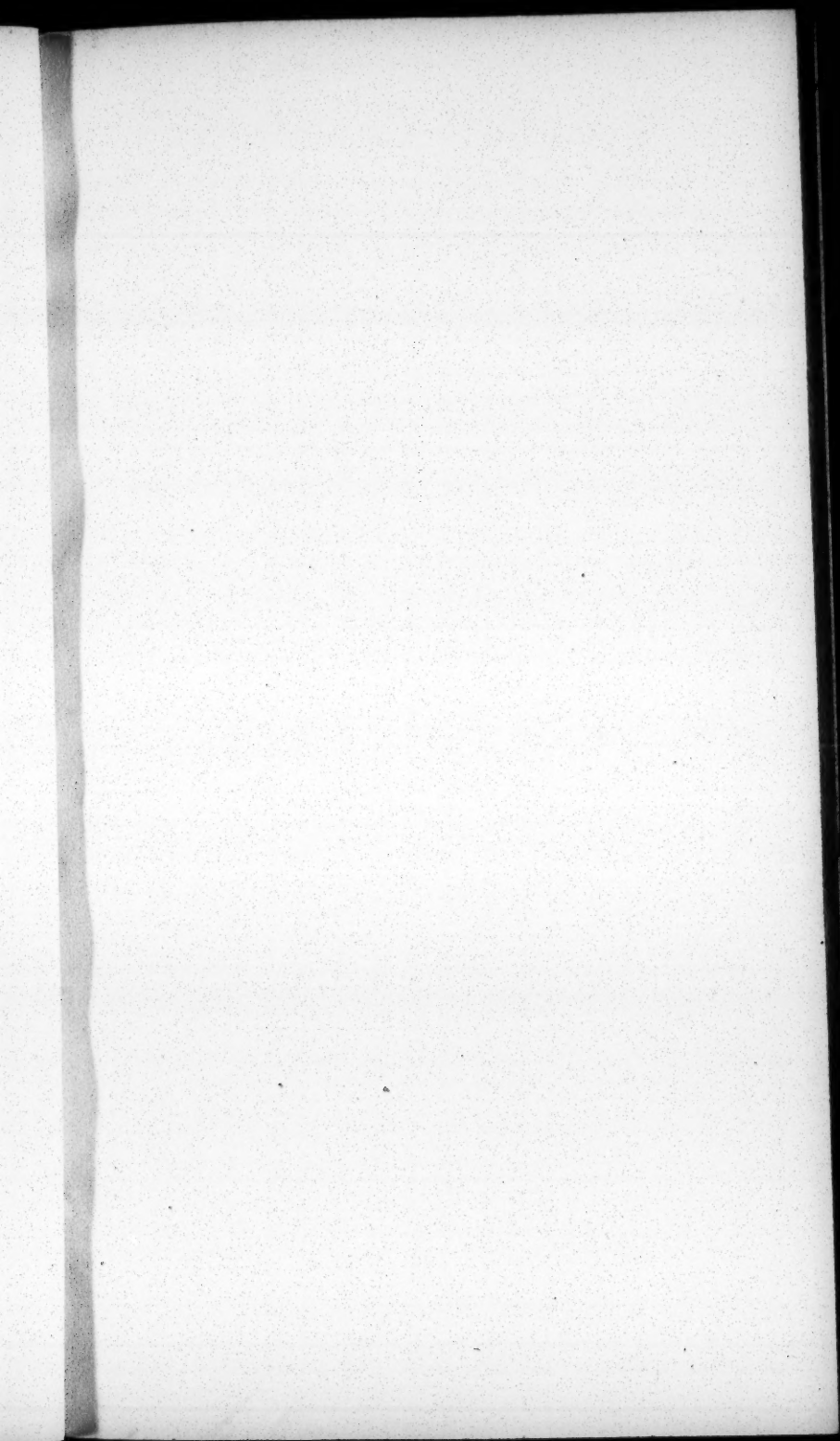


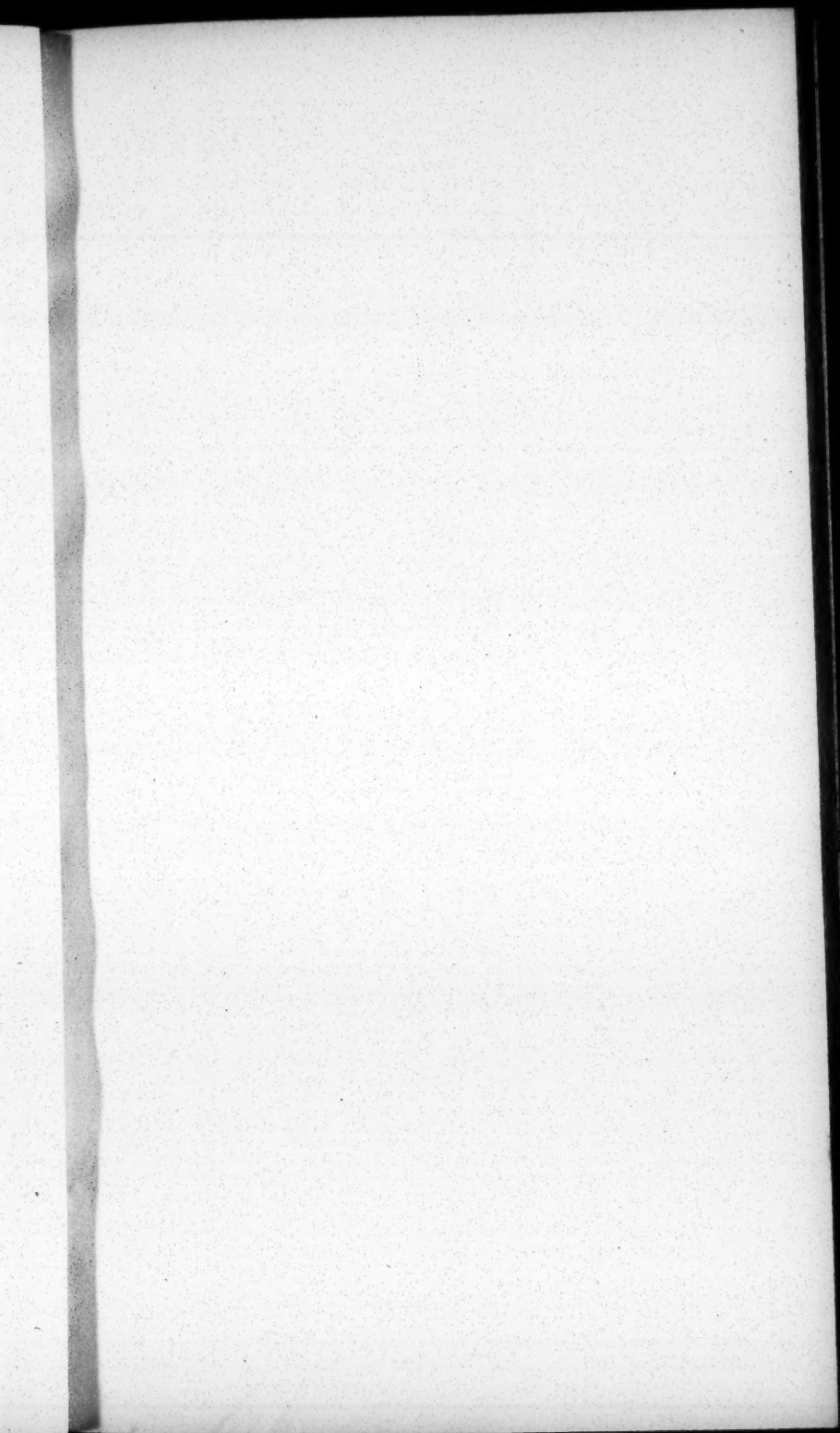
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quins, all the good Womens Husbands in the Town, and therefore thou shalt not go unrewarded. Giving him three or 4 swinging Licks over the Head and Shoulders, which made poor *Jebson* lie a bed for a Fortnight, before he could get the use of his Arms; to stitch his old shoes as Formely. Simple *Simon* all this while having not power to run away, stood like one half frightened out of his wits, & trembling before his Bride, with his hat in one hand and the Flaggon in the other, praying her to be patience, and he wou'd no more offend her; But she gave him a frown, and bid him begone about his Business, which he immediately did; So that *Margery* and her Gos-sips had the whole Room to themselves, where they sate quietly Tipling, till they were as drunk as so many Fish-women.

C H A P. 2.

How she dragg'd him up the Chimney in a Basket, a smock drying, wherein they used to dry *Lacon*, which made him look like a Red Herring.

A T Night when he returned to his home, *Margery*, thro' a Nap that

was upon her

that she had taken, was a little restored to her senses again: Yet not forgetting the Fault that *Simon* had committed in the Morning, vowing that a broken Pate should not be sufficient Satisfaction for such an offence, invented another sort of Punishment, which added to it: For having a wide Chimney, wherein they used to dry Bacon, she taking him at an Advantage, tyed him Hand and Foot, and bound him down into a Basket, and by the help of a Rope draw'd him up to the Beam in the Chimney where she left him to take his Lodging the Second Night after his Wedding, with a small smoaky Fire under him so that in the Morning he was almost reas'd like a Red-Herring; but at length called out to his Wife to shew him so much pity as to let him down.

*In Love release me from this horrid smoake
And I will never more my Wife provoke,
She strait did yield to let him down from thence
And said be careful of the next offence.*

CHAP. 3.

How Simon lost a Sack of Corn as he was going to the Mill to have it ground &c

NOT long after, she sent him to the Mill with a Sack of Corn to be

round and bid him be careful what he
 ment about: For [said she] you must
 expect to pass upon the for your
 Pate Off no: Well [said Simon] naughty
 boys must be whip, but I will be as care
 ful as may be, and I hope I shall never
 offend you more; For which far pro
 mise, Margery his Wife gave him a mess
 of Milk, and when he had eaten all up,
 he took his Sack of Corn upon his Back
 and went towards the Mill which stood
 about 2 Miles from their House. Now
 when Simon was gotten near half way,
 he began to be weary, which was the
 small fore-runner of another Misfortune, a
 man riding by, driving an empty Horse
 before him towards the Mill, perceiving
 Simon to be weary, of his Burthen, said,
 I might lay it on his spare Horse and he
 could carry it to ease him; To this Si
 mon consented: But this being
 done, he was presently in a sorrowful
 condition; For the Man riding on Si
 mon was not able to travel so fast, but left
 them to go on, while he walked ea
 sily after, hoping he would leave it at
 the Mill, which the man never did, nor
 ever intended to do: When Simon
 came to the Mill, and found none [of his
 left

left there, he was in ten times more trouble than ever he was before. Thus Simon losing his Sack of Corn, knew not how to go home, nor shew his Face before his Wife until he had got 2 or 3 of his Neighbours to go along with him, to beg his Pardon, and help to make up the Difference between them: Which they did [after a long Parley] so that for this Crime Simon past unpunish'd.

CH A P. 4.

How Simon went to Market with a Basket of Eggs, but broket them by the way; and so how he was put into the stocks. &c.

BUT altho' he was not punish'd according to the severe Correction which she had formerly given him; Yet he did not avoid the continual Jars and railings in his Ears, for many Days after, ever and anon crying out *You sot, will you never be wiser* Yes sweet Margery, my dear Wife, I hope I shall in time. Well said she, I'll try you once more, here, take this Basket of Eggs and hie you to market to sell them, but be sure take care you do not break the Eggs, nor send the Money, for in troath if you do

morrow shall be your Supper, and you may expect
 to feel the Weight of my Hand more then
 ever you done yet. At which words poor
 Simon trembled, and looked as White as
 his Wife's Smock for fear he should mis-
 lay his Basket of Eggs for he well
 knew that Margery would be as good as
 her word: But Henpeck'd Simon says
 there shall be nothing wanting in him
 to please her if possible.

So Simon taking his Basket of Eggs,
 went trudging on to Market Town, but
 was no sooner come there, and seeing a
 great crowd of People, resolved forsooth
 to go and see what might be the matter,
 Now when he came there, it was only
 2 Butter-women that was fallen ou-,
 but to that degree, that they had taken
 one another by the Quiff, their Hair
 hanging about their Ears, and their fil-
 lets flying about; which when Simon
 beheld it, he was moved with Compassi-
 on, and run to them with a desire to
 part them, but all in vain: For still
 poor Simon was unfortunate and came
 off with the loss, for one of the Women
 being in a passion for his so doing, gave
 him such a push on the Elbow which
 threw him down, and broke all his Bas-

ket

ket of Eggs; poor *Simon* was almost
 distracted to see a cursed Caudle the Bu-
 ter-women had made in the Ground.
 But whether it was with Fear and An-
 ger of his Wife, or whether it was a co-
 rage more at this Time then at any other
 time, I know not, but thus it was; *Si-*
mon run in fiercely among them, and re-
 solved to be revenged for his Basket of
 Eggs: Now while they were in the
 Combustion, the Constable was fetch'd
 who supposing them to be Drunk, gave
 orders they should sit in the stocks to-
 gether, which was accordingly done. *Si-*
mon in the middle, and the butter Wo-
 men on each side, who rang such a Ra-
 ling in both his Ears, during the Hour
 they sat, that *Simon* was deaf for a Fort-
 night after: When he was released he
 ventur'd home again altho with an aking
 Heart knowing he must go thro' the
 storm tho' it was never so rough, but
 this was his Comfort, amongst the middle
 of his hard Fortunes, that tho' he might pos-
 sibly feel the weight of her blows, yet he
 knew he should be free from being tormen-
 ted with her unruly Tongue; for this Reason
 because the 2 Butter-Women had made him
 so deaf with their scolding, that he had utter

lost his Hearing, for the deed of word
 could be heard therefore he went home with the
 more cheerfulness.

C H A P. 5.

Now Simon's Wife cull'd him for not
 bringing home money for his Eggs. &c.

AT length Simon coming to his own
 door [or his Wife's which we
 may call it] met with his be-
 loved Margery, who seeing a kind of de-
 lected Countenance in his Face, began
 to mistrust that something was the mat-
 ter with him; therefore taking hold of
 him hawl'd him in a door, in order for
 examination; when poor Simon saw this
 he could not so bear weeping, and be-
 gan to tell her a painful Story concern-
 ing the stocks, but still she called out for m-
 ore for the Eggs, but Simon was being
 Deaf could not hear her, and therefore
 made her no answer to it, which occasi-
 on'd her to fall upon him with the more
 fury, cuffing poor Simon about the
 House with the Cudgel, and he could by
 no

no means get free from her, till at length he was forced to run up stairs, and jump out of the Chamber Window, which as soon as she perceived, she after him down the Town, with a hundred Boys and Girls after them, Simon still crying out to the People, *You may see what it is to be Married* And her tone was, *You Rascal! Give me Money for my Eggs.* Being every now and then accompanied with crack on the crown with her Cudgel At length [st was his] good hap to give her the slip, and she returned back from the pursuit: The Night drew near, and Simon having not one Penny to help himself, was forced to make the best of a bad Bargain, resolving to take up his Lodging in the sty, among the Hogs, and the next Morning (in the Presence of his dearest Friends) he begg'd his Pardon his Knees of his sweet, kind, and loving Wife Margery once more.

C H A P. 6.

How Simon lost his Wife's Pail, and burnt the bottom of her Kettle, &c.

MARGERY being reconcil'd once more upon his humble submission she charg'd him to be

careful for the future, that he did not offend
 her, as he had done heretofore, which he pro-
 mised to be careful to observe: Why then
 Simon said she. I am this day to go a Gossip
 ing; and I shall leave you here at home to
 make a Fire and hang on the Kettle with wa-
 ter, in order to wash the cloaths and besure
 you mind what I say; Yes, sweet Wife quoth
 Simon, I will withall my heart, and I hope
 shall give you content. Now Margery was
 sooner gone forth, but simple Simon made
 a roaring great Fire, and hung on the Kettle
 then taking the Pail and going to the Well,
 which stood in the middle of the Town for
 Water; when at the same time came a mad
 Ox running down the Town, with a Butcher
 and his Boy after him, who calling to Simon
 stop the Ox, he set down the Pail, and en-
 deavour'd all that he could so to do, but the
 Ox giving them the slip, Simon forgetting
 his Wife's Business, run in pursuit after him
 for the space of three or four miles, and then
 having secur'd him, the Butcher gave him
 many thanks for his kindness: Simon return-
 ed back to the Well, where he had left his
 pail but poor unfortunate Simon was unfor-
 tunate still, for the pail was lost, which caus-
 ed him to make a sad Lamentation for the
 same, he enquired about, but could not hear

of it: And as the Proverb saith, One sorrow
 never comes alone: for going in a Dore
 there was the Fire flaming, and the bottom
 of the Kettle quite burnt out: At the light
 of which, Simon fell to wringing his hands
 and crying out with a Lamentable Tune, say
 ing, Never was Man so unfortunate as I poor
 Simon! What shall I say to my Wife when
 she comes. First. I have lost the Pair.
 Secondly, Burnt out the bottom of the Kettle.
 Here will be sad Reckoning for these
 Mischances. Just in the midst of his Lamentation
 in comes Margery, who having over heard him,
 came ready armed and fitted for the Fry.
 How now Sirrah, [quoth she] hath this been the care
 which you promised of my Business. And with that
 she let fly an earthen Pispot at his head, which
 caused the blood to run about his ears, then
 she took him by the Collar, and cast him
 about the Kitchen at a most horrid rate. Simon
 crying for mercy, but Margery increasing still
 his misery, till at length the Neighbours
 coming in perswading Margery to be pacified:
 For said they who can be against a Mischance?
 A Raschal (quoth she) I can set him about
 nothing, but thus he serves me. Yet they still
 interceeded for Simon till she excused this
 Fault likewise.

C H A P

Now Simon's Wife sent him to buy 2 Pounds
of soap, but going over a bridge, let his
money fall into the River. Also how a rag
man run away with his cloaths. &c.

MARGERY calling Simon to
her, said will you never be care
ful in what i set you about?
his loving wife, I hope i shall, Why then saith
she, take this money i have ty'd it in a clout
that you may not lose it, therefore get you to
the Market Town and buy me two Pounds of
soap, and make all the haste you can again.
will sweet Wife [quoth he] and with
that away he did scamper'd as fast as he
could: Now in his way he was to pass o-
ver a Bridge which lay over large River,
he carrying his Money in the clout under his
arm: When [coming on the middle of the
Bridgs, a flight of crows flew over his head
which frighted him so that he let his money
fall from under his arm into the water. this
was the beginning of a new sorrow, he stood
a while andd knew not what course to take,
at length he resolv'd to pull off his Hose,
shoes and cloaths, and then to wade into the
water to search for it, which he did: Now

when he was in search for his Money, and his
 cloaths lying on a Bank-side, there came
 a Rag-man and put them all in together in his
 Bag which Simon seeing he got out of the
 way to run after him, but all in vain, for the
 rag-man out-run him; and Simon was forced
 to return home starknaked: which his
 Wife seeing was in a horrid Rage, he endeavoured
 to tell her his Misfortune yet she
 would not hear him but taking the dog which
 hung in the chimney corner and yerked
 poor Simon about making him dance the Can-
 naries for two hours he crying out Sweet Wife
 good Wife forbear! but she crying you Rasc-
 chal, where's your cloaths and my money?
 Thus she continued till she was tired and then
 dismissed him upon his begging pardon on his
 Knees.

Here follows a pleasant Song giving an ac-
 count of many more miserable Misfortunes
 of poor Simon, shewing, how he drank a
 Bottle of sack to poison himself as being
 weary of his Life.

Tune of the Delights of the Bottle, or, let
 CÆSAR live long.

C O M E listen a while and I here will relate
 A ditty of Simon's most sorrowful State :
 His

His Wife was to anger and cruelty bent
 That seldom poor Man he could give her content
 That she for own part so loved good Sack
 That often she tippl'd behind *Simon's* Back.

A Bottle she got that held two Quarts and more
 Well fill'd with Canary hang'd behind the Door
 Then telling of *Simon* it was poison strong
 And said if he touch it it would do him wrong
 Therefore I'd have you be rul'd by your Wife
 One drop is enough for to cost you your Life.

The Wife of poor *Simon* had a fat Sow and Pigs
 Both Geese Hens and Turkeys that laid store of Eggs
 With fat ewes and wea hers nay innocent Lambs
 That in their fair Forest did sport with their Dams
 To *Simon* she gave the whole charge of them all
 But see what hard Fortune did to him betal.

He did his endeavour to live free from strife
 Yet still through Misfortune he anger'd his Wife
 As by this new ditty I will make appear
 If that you'll be pleas'd to lend me an Ear
 His Losses and crosses they came on to fast
 That he of his Life was a weary at last.

One morning she sent him to look to her sheep
 And bid him be careful that he did not sleep;
 Some Bread and Butter she did give him in hand
 That he might the better obey her Command
 But he fell asleep by his sheep on the Plain
 Whilst six of his Lambs by the Foxes were slain.

This caus'd great distraction 'twixt them for a time
 Till *Simon* begg'd pardon for his cruel Crime
 Next morning she sent him her Goslings to tend

And said on my blessing see you don't offend
 But mark the Misfortune that happen'd e're Night
 Five of his best Goslings was took by the Kite.

Poor *Simon* was ne'er so dismay'd in his Life
 He knew not what answer to make to his Wife
 Next morning she sent him to milk the brown cow
 And then a disaster was done by the Sow
 For whilst he was driving the young Pigs away
 The Sow in the dairy swigg'd up all the Whey.

The Cheese from the Cheese-fat she did tear & hawl
 And threw down the Cream-pot destroying it all;
 As sad a Confusion as ever was known
 Poor *Simon* he wept and made pitiful moan;
 The Sow burst her Belly and thus lost her Life
 This was the renewing of sorrow and strife.

Now when she had happen'd to see this sad sight
 To *Simon* she straitway did flye like a Spright
 Then juggling his Ears nay and wringing his Nose
 And kick'd him while tears they did run down his hose
 At every Blow she to *Simon* did say
 Remember the Goslings the Kite stole away.

Now seeing what Life he was likely to lead
 He unto the Chamber did hasten with speed
 To seize on that Bottle I mention'd before
 Which he thought was poison hang'd behind the door
 and now'd he would daink it to finish his Life
 Rather than to live with so cruel a Wife.

He open'd a window that stood near the South
 Then setting the Bottle of Sack to his Mouth
 Said he I this poison drink withal my Heart
 And at the first draught he drank down a Quart

hen setting the Bottle once more to his Snout
e never left twagging till it was quite Out.

hen did he fall down like one bereav'd of Life
m poison quoth he by the means of my Wife
now feel it flowing in every Vein
he strength is so great that it tickles my Brain
y stomack my! Belly may every Part
er tho' I am poison'd I feel no great smart.

his Wife by the window did happen to walk
nd hearing of *Simon* and how he did talk
With thought of her Bottle she up stairs did run
o see in the Chamber what *Simon* had done
e lay by the Bottle as of Life bereft
ut never a drop of the Sack he had left.

in poison'd quoth he by the means of my wife
et me be at quiet now I have lost my Life
Corso! are you poison'd then will I contrive
ome Remedy straightway to fetch you alive
powder she presently blew up his N o s e
Then like one frantick he presently arole.

Down stairs he did run into the open street
all People were frighted that *Simon* did meet
His wife followd'd after thro' thick and thro' thin
nd with a stout Cudgel belabour'd his skin
The weight of the Cudgel made *Simon* to rear
at length a kind Neighbour let him in a door.

They sent for his wife who came without fail
Their peace was made up o'er a Jug of good Ale
Now *Simon* was free from all sorrow and dread
The Neighbours with merriment got them to bed
That Night without question he pleased his Wife

for now ever after he leads a sweet Life.

Now after the Fury of Simon's Misfortunes is well pacified between him and his loving wife, that it would be the Greatest wonder to hear them scold or brawl, or to have an ill Word one with the other, for Simon having been over rul'd before was brought to it at Peg now That the least Word of his wife would cause him to do any thing that she desired; As making of Fires, stowing the Grates, cleaning the Spits, washing in Dishes, making the Bed, with a hundred little things belonging to Drudgery never thinking of much for so Good a Wife as now she PROVES.

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